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From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE HERO WOMAN.

A Legend from George Lippard, Esq.'s Fourth Lecture on the "Romance of the Revolution," delivered before the William Wirt Institute.

In a thick wood, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood, in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palsied wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn,—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores,—as a block house, intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate: it stood in the midst of the wood, with age worn trees enclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its eastern window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which look in upon dreary autumn, towards the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound!—Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders, in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom.—Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight, from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense, to the shouts of bombattants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing, with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair, waving in glossy masses around her face!

Suddenly the shouts of the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet, every few paces turning round to fire the rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down, ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter quivering with suspense; hung leaning from the window;—he reaches the block house gate—look! He is surrounded, their muskets are levelled at his head, he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again!—he hashes his foes aside, with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his grey hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death struggle,

Death struggle? Yes!—for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old blockhouse, perhaps that daughter, herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a despetate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals!" he said, with a grim smile turning to his child. "Now Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on, till the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a moment, at least, and then we shall have to trust to God for the rest!"

Look down there, and see, a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loathe to try that wall, when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! Here is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council!

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots, there are three dying men grovelling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp: there are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead, upon the ground, and a single red-coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there, in that second story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment, the wounded and dying band, below, are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and, with one bound, are leaping for the summit of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero-Woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another! Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod, rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again! The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look!—A smoke rises there, a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from its sockets—the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire, with that deadly aim, but now—oh horror! He falls, he falls, with a musket ball driven into his breast—the daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture!

That old man, writhing there, on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's grey hairs; while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim back-ground to the scene!

Now hark!—The sound of axes, at the hall door—shouts—hurras—curses!

"We have the old rebel, at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder-keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house, they are rushing toward that chamber, with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives, they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands, grim faces, stained with blood, glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech—

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone, with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Embruted as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men, in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there, with the rifle laid against the powder keg.

They stood, as if spell-bound, on the threshold of that chamber!

At last, one, bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musket, and levels it at the young girl's breast!

"Stand back, or, by——, I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm; the bravo advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "*click*" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come—daughter—kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold—*O*, dark and cold!"

Look!—As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue, those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father, is mastering the heroism of the moment—look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle; again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter, that house in ruins, if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound, far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arm of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that Hero Woman, with one bound, springs forward into her brothers arms, and nestles there, while her dead father—his form yet warm—lays, with fixed eye-balls, upon the floor.

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

There is no greater defect in educating children than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary or not to the child. Nothing is more uncertain than the future in dependence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits: it secures their health; it strengthens both the mind and body; it enables them better to bear the confinement of the pent-up school room; and it tends more than anything else to give them just and proper views of life.

It is too often the case that children, provided they spend half a dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. Thus they grow up in the world, without any knowledge of its toils and cares; they view it through a false medium; they cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost; their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.

The daughter, proably, becomes that patiable, helpless object, a novel reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes, alas! too late

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to useful labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for ignorance of that important chapter of the world's great book.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called.—Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladder. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, the better.

A HAPPY EXPERIMENT.

A friend once told me, that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harrassed for the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that it, in the course of the day, any occasion led him to his bed chamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless hours he had passed upon it. In this case it was recommended to him to endeavor to fix his thoughts on something, at the same time vast and simple—such as the wide expanse of the ocean, or the cloudless vault of Heaven—that the little hurried and disturbing images that flitted before his mind might be charmed away, or hushed to rest by the calming influence of the absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man at the time, this advice suggested to his mind, that if an object at once vast and simple was to be selected, no one could serve his purposes so well as that of God. He resolved to make the trial and think of Him.—The result exceeded his most sanguine hopes; in thinking of God he fell asleep. Night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful; so much so, that he used to long for the time of retiring, that he might fall asleep, as he termed it in God. What began as a mere physical operation, grew, by imperceptible degrees, into a gracious influence. The same God who was his repose by night, was in all his thoughts by day.

A Liberal Church.—It is stated that Rev. Dr. Hawse's church in Hartford, Conn., gave the last year $7,500 to various benevolent objects, and the year before about the same.

MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

A burthen which one chooses is not felt.
"Bear and forbear" is good philosophy.
Chide not hastily nor punish severely.
Defile not your mouth with impure words.
Entertain not sin, lest you like its reward.
Favour is deceitful, and beauty passeth away.
Goodness always enriches the possessor.
He is idle who might be better employed.
Idolatry is the first born of fear and folly.
Learn to live as you would wish to die.
Make the best of a bad bargain.
Never sport with pain or poverty.
Of two evils, choose the least.
Passion is ever the enemy to truth.
Quick resentments are often fatal.
Rebel not against the dictates of reason.
Scorn to do a mean action.
The ass that carries wine, drinks water.
Understanding is the faculty of reflection.
Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride odious.
When prudence dictates fear, temerity is folly.
Make provision for want in time of plenty.
Never buy a pig in a poke.
Of all flatterers, self is the greatest.
Pardon is the most glorious kind of revenge.
Quick at meat, quick at work.
Rash judgment maketh haste to repentance.
Satiety comes of riches, contumely of satiety.
Temperance is the best physic.
Undaunted minds defy fortune.
Vainglory blossoms but never bears.
Wanton kittens may make sober cats.
Youth is the season of improvement.

A Beautiful Incident.—On a fine summer's day, in 1840, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these: "Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to, eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man, and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature, in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; It had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight—'Live for the Future.'"

With this the preacher closed his discourse; but to deepen the impression, a butterfly directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the Church as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—'Live for the Future.'—Alb. Spectator.

"WHERE IS HENRY CLAY?"

We copied a few days since, a statement in a few lines from a Pittsburg paper, that the whigs had succeeded in the election of minor officers for that city, whereupon the Lancaster Intelligencer thus breaks forth:

"For the above astounding intelligence, we are indebted to the United States Gazette, published in the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania.—'Boys, do you hear that?' 'What is the price of stocks?' 'Where is Henry Clay?'"

It is astonishing how a certain class of politicians begin to think about "the stocks," as soon as they hear that honest men have got into office, especially in the police department.

The result of the minor elections must not be despised. They may never reach a majority, but they denote a sound, a saving minority. Forty, twenty, ten, nay five righteous men, woule have saved the devoted city of the plain' had they been found within its walls; and loud and heartfelt would have been the gratitude of the patriot who pleaded in their behalf, could he have announced even the success of finding a *minor* number, whose purity of principles, and excellence of practice, would have been accounted for righteousness,

Where is Henry Clay?" quotha. Henry Clay is probably in New Orleans, about his business as a lawyer. But our friend of the Lancaster Intelligencer is not the only one that begins to cry out, "Where is Henry Clay?" The great asylum of protecting and promoting American industry, which was declared to be of paramount importance, by a very large majority of the voters of Pennsylvania, in the canvass of 1844, is now endangered, and the people look around for help. to the Senate, to the Cabinet, to the Executive, and ask, "Where is Henry Clay?"

The nation brought on the eve of war, by the bullying braggadocia of a set of quack politicians, who are unable to retrace their steps. and have no manner of preperation for defence; who are now threatening, and turning pale as they threaten; bawling for "notice" on the one hand, and then hoping that the opposing party will save them from their own follies. This is going on, the people satisfied that the party in power can scarcely preserve the peace they have jeoparded, and are still less able to carry on a war they are provoking—the people, seeing this, are crying out, "*Where is Henry Clay?*"

The "boys" hear all this, undoubtedly, and men hear it, and while fearing for the peace and prosperity of the country, they too, cry out, "Where is Henry Clay?"—U. S. Gazette.

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

Professor wines, in a late lecture in New York, adverted to the prevailing false opinion which estimates Commerce as comparatively more important than Agriculture. The principal cause of this he supposes to be, that the grains of Commerce, lying nearer to the surface, are more open to the scrutiny of the mass of men, while the grains of Agriculture seldom obtrude themselves on the public attention. To prove this he stated "that Great Britain is decidedly the most commercial nation on the Globe. Her trade with the United States is nearly two-fold that which she carries on with any other country. And yet what think you the entire annual movement of this commerce both ways amounts to? About as much as the value of the annual crop of oats and beans in the former country.—The whole foreign commerce of Great Britain, in pursuit of which she overshadows the ocean with her fleets, and plants her colonies in the most distant islands, is actually less in value than the annual grass crop in the British Islands. The bread stuffs annually extracted from our soil amount to more than 800,000,000 bushels, and their value is almost triple that of the aggregate exports and imports of the whole country. Our grass crop is worth $150,000,000, which is just twice the value of all the exports to foreign countries. The annual Indian corn crop of Tennessee and Kentucky alone amounts to more than 25,000,000 bushels, and fully equals in worth our exports to Great Britain and France, which constitute the bulk of all we part with to foreign countries. And what is not a little remarkable, the corn crop of these two States is precisely equal in value to the entire cotton crop grown in all the States and Territories of the Union. Yet there are not wanting, in certain quarters, writers and orators who style themselves statesmen and political economists, in whose estimation cotton is the one great interest of the country, and who imagine that now, as erewhile at New Orleans, cotton bags constitute the chief defence of the entire public prosperity and welfare. How false and deceptive are all such ideas?—Why, the agricultural productions of the single commonwealth of New York exceed by several millions the whole cotton crop of the United States."

LIME AS MANURE.

The addition of lime to the land has, in nearly all well cultivated countries, extensively prevailed at every period of authentic history. In Europe its use has been universal, and every where the same observation has been commonly made, and has become a proverb in almost every language. "Lime," says the proverb, "enriches the fathers, but impoverishes the sons."—Laid on in repeated doses, and, for a length of time, the luxuriant crops it raises at first, gradually fall off, till at length, even with the stimulus of larger doses, the land refuses to be excited.

A like result has been observed of late years from the application of gypsum, nitrate of soda, common salt, and saltpetre. Their good effects were apparent for a certain number of years, but they gradually ceased to act, and the land was afterwards believed to be even weaker and less productive than before.

How are these results to be explained? Can this apparent exhaustation be prevented? Can it easily remedied? Is it a necessary consequence of the use of lime, and of the other substances mentioned? Is the manure or the farmer to blame for the results?—Let us see. The plant carries away from the soil say ten substances. The soil is deficient in one of these, and the plant cannot thrive. The lacking ingredient say, is lime or soda. You add it, and the crop grows luxuriantly. Rejoiced at this result, you add more lime, and your crops still grow well—for it requires requires the addition of three or four hundred bushels to an imperial acre, to add only one per cent. of lime to a soil which is twelve inches deep. But after many crops, the lime at length ceases to benefit the land, the crops are even smaller than before the lime was first added, and the farmer is at a dead stand.

Now, what has he been doing all this time? He has been adding one thing only in his lime, while he has been carrying off ten things in his crops. Is it any wonder then, that after a lapse of years, the land should become poor in one or more of the other nine? The iron-smelter throws into his furnace his ore and coal, but he gets no metal until he adds lime also.—The lime being added he can draw the liquid metal.—He adds more lime, and procures, probably, more iron. But he soon finds the lime does no further good; he has melted out all the iron; the stimulus of the lime has no effect. He must add ore and coal again, and then he will obtain his periodical flows of metal. So it is with the soil. The farmer who hopes, by the continual addition of one thing alone, to make his land produce continual good crops, hopes and acts against reason. It is his fault that the lace has become exhausted, and the cure is in his own hands. Lime, therefore, does not necessarily "impoverish the son." But any treatment will ultimately make the land poorer, which does not return to the soil all the things which the crops have carried off, and at least in equal proportion.—North Brit. Review.

LATEST NEWS.

From the New York Courier of the 15th.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Oxford, Captain Bathbone, arrived last night from Liverpool, from which port she sailed on the 9th of December, bringing us Liverpool papers to that date, and a London paper of the 5th. The news, though only two days later than our previous advices, is of very high commercial importance, and will create great sensation throughout the country, as the event which it announces had created in England. The British Anti Corn Law League had triumphed, and Parliament was about to be convened for the purpose of repealing the Corn Laws; so at least had in substance been declared by the London Times, and repeated by that paper the next day in still stronger and more direct and positive terms. There seemed to be no doubt expressed by the Liverpool Chronicle that this statement is substantially true, and the announcement had produced the most intense excitement—the most astounding sensation says the Chronicle, ever caused by a newspaper article, and the effect of which will be visible in every nook and corner of the civilized world!

There seems indeed, to be no good reason to doubt the announcement of the Times, and none appears to be entertained. Assuming that it is substantially correct, the intelligence is of importance to commercial interests, and the effect which it must necessarily produce in the United States can hardly be overrated. It is proper for us to state, at the same time, that the London Standard, understood to be the Ministerial Organ, gives an apparently flat and emphatic contradiction to all the asservations of the Times on this subject, but the Times reiterates them with an increased coldness, and submits its own statements to the decision of the country, exultingly remarking that a very short time will show which of the two journals (the Standard or itself) is most entitled to credit!

We do not see any thing in the articles in the London papers to change the view we have expressed, or to shake our confidence in the important statements of the London Times, for we do not see that they materially invalidate the substance of that paper's article.

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